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TYPES

OF

THE TIMES.

BY OLD TOM OF OXFORD.

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INTRODUCTION.

ONE day I took the paper, to peruse
A few of those addresses sentimental
Which crowd the columns of the public news,
By tinkers, tailors, and retailers, sent all,
Jostling with lawsuits, murders, births, miscarriages,
Lottery and literary puffs, and marriages.

The answers, penn'd in sweet poetic prose,
Like blank verse lamely hopping in a sack,
Provok'd—not anger, but a gentle doze;
So in my easy chair I leant me back,
And sweetly slept, till, lo! with buzzing din,
A curst blue bottle perch'd upon my chin.

Not being blest with temper soft as pap,
Like [a]Uncle Toby, or good St. Bellarmine,
And having set my mind upon a nap,
I thus in wrath apostrophiz'd the vermin,
Nor ceas'd, till, when my reverie was ended,
I found it longer than was first intended.

[a] For Uncle Toby's compassion to blue bottles, see Tristram Shandy. St. Bellarmine, it is said, allowed vermin to feed on him from motives of humanity.

MY REVERIE.

THE devil's in thee, thou tormenting fly!
Thou art a buzzing, bustling, shallow sot,
Eager each paltry tiresome art to try,
Ere own thy nothingness, and be forgot;
One only end thy worthless life employs,
To tease thy betters, and create a noise.

Hence! thou confounded beast! whose darling toy
Is carrion, tainted to the inmost core,
Who ever strivest with officious joy
To make what erst was loathsome, stink the more;
For, "coute qui coute" to Christian people's patience,
Thou liv'st but in creating *strong sensations*.

A type art thou of meddling city wight,
Whose life, like thine, is one continual *hum*,
A tainted cause his glory and delight,
His misery, to be unremark'd or dumb;
And doubtless, creatures of your own foul hue
Style ye both noble fellows, and *true-blue*.

The maggot is a thing of different feature,
And trade more gainful, though of kindred breed;
Hatch'd by thy care, forth crawls the reptile creature,
And, thanks to thee, finds wherewithal to feed;
Behold him on foul garbage crawl and batten,
Just as a swarm of reptile scribblers fatten.

One, more genteelly, sighs a sweet apology
For incest, in a soft Italian tale;
Some vend cheap politics, and new theology,
To rob the shoe-black of his pint of ale;
For, as Vespasian said with truth and force,
Money smells sweet, though from the dirtiest source.

Another, skill'd to pander for each passion,
  Should the mob yawn sometimes o'er trash
    disloyal,
Or blasphemy awhile go out of fashion,
  Presents his picture of the Palais-Royal,
And points to inexperienc'd cockney sinners
Each house of call for dollies, dice, and dinners.

Such, Matthew, are the maggots parasitical
  Hatch'd into life by buz-flies such as thee;
Call'd from their native dirt to scenes political,
  They thrive on England's festering sores
    with glee;
For who would condescend to blacking shoes,
When gold, not whipping, pays the blackguard
    Muse?

I wish thee well, Mat, in thy proper station,
  And will expostulate with thee this once,
As with a man of substance in the nation,
  Not quite, I hope, a rascal, or a dunce.
Now tell me truly, like an honest man,
Art not sometimes disgusted with thy clan?

Believe me, friend, thine evil genius laughs
To see thee such a devilish paltry tool,
A puffer to the firebrand trade of raffs
Who (but thy head is not at present cool,
Nor apt a truth unwelcome to believe)
Laugh also at thee, Matthew, in their sleeve.

There is an allegory, or comparison,
Occurring to me, that thy case may reach;
And since, like Doctor Parr and Parson Harrison,
I love to hear myself profoundly preach,
I purpose to expound it for thy good;
Thy former trade will make it understood.

Full well thou know'st that there are mixtures hot
Which teach our simple malt the brains to stimulate,
And therefore know'st that an habitual sot,
However to himself he may dissimulate,
Is but a dupe, whom any ass can wheedle,
And oft incurs the vengeance of the beadle.

Slave to one vice, all things he'll do or utter,
Play bully, fool, jackpudding, or the devil,
Or suck a stav'd cask's drainings from the gutter,
Sooner than miss his long-accustom'd revel.
Now doth not thy vile itch for notoriety
Remind thee, Matthew, of this same ebriety?

True, vulgar gin and vulgar praise are sweet,
And cheap too, which no doubt is some excuse;
Our throat one tickles, t'other our conceit;
But then, no man can stand their frequent use,
Who boasts not of an headpiece strong and able.
Now mark the sequel of my type, or fable.

Be not disguis'd in drink 'mid alehouse rabble,
O simple sot, that hast a groat to lose;
For, lo! some needy knave foments a squabble,
And thou, Pillgarlic-like, sans wig and shoes,
Art kick'd into the street with batter'd skull,
Stript of thy watch and purse, and christen'd Gull.

The cause why British gin was call'd "blue ruin"
Arose, no doubt, from some such wise occasion;
As ruinous a mess thou now art brewing,
So profit, Matthew, by my illustration,
And choose some other road to notoriety
Less dangerous to thyself, and to society.

"How!" say'st thou, "'tis my joy, my life, my
"diet,
"And have my dose I must, sir, though I
"rue it;"
—Well, if it must be, drink at least in quiet,
Thou need'st not haunt bad company to do it.
Come, I'll consider with thee of this matter,
Without one wish to underrate or flatter.

To write a mad shrew'd book like Tristram
Shandy,
Is past thy wit, I think; and thou'rt too old
To figure ever as a leading dandy;
'Tis pity that dame Southcott's dead and cold,
Else, did she lack a partizan and proser,
Thou would'st have made an admirable Tozer.

Joanna was a blasphemous fat woman,
Who ninety thousand folks, 'tis said, deceiv'd,
By sticking stoutly to a tale, which no man
Would ever in his senses have believ'd,
But that she spoke her wondering dupes so fair,
And canted on with such a pious air.

Addresses, party-spirit,—the old story,—
Succeeded, and kept gaily up the prank,
Till, fatally for poor Joanna's glory,
The truth appear'd, and factious saints look'd blank.
The damning facts which banish'd every doubt
Are hardly decent, so I'll leave them out.

Alas! what fine support her sect have lost in,
A champion such as thee, staunch, stout as Milo!
Thou would'st have nurs'd some smooth-fac'd Billy Austin
To figure in the part of Master Shiloh,
And still have persever'd the cause to foster,
Till every dupe cried shame on the imposture.

I will not say, " Resume the civic chair,
" And shake the rod once more o'er damsels
" erring ;"
I know not with what face thou *now* could'st
dare
In chastity's good cause to be so stirring.
But, after all, why scorn a quiet life,
Blest with goods, children, and a virtuous wife?

This last advice I give thee as a friend,
But for the man of wig, thy coadjutor,
I fear his don-ship is too old to mend,
And much too paradoxical to tutor,
—As far, at least, as common manners go:
Ask him to dinner, and you'll find it so.

He'll give himself more airs than dean or bishop,
Taint with tobacco-smoke your wife's best
clothes,
And having drank your port, and eat your fish up,
Give you the lie direct before your nose.
I'll tell you what at Oxford once befell,
Where truly no one lik'd him over-well.

A dinner-party by a learned President
Was ask'd to meet this same stupendous stranger,
At which, a well-bred quiet man then resident,
Foreseeing no such high offence or danger,
Dar'd to dissent from what the Doctor said
On some slight point to which their chit-chat led.

The Doctor for a moment star'd with wonder
As at a spectre starting from the grave,
Then fell upon the guest with voice of thunder,
And call'd him—every thing, in short, but knave;
Till in his turn the latter too wax'd wroth
At language so unworthy of the cloth.

Then rising; "Mr. President," he cried,
"When you invite me next to meet a bear,
"At least pray get him muzzled first, and tied
"Securely to the side board, or the chair."
So saying, out he walk'd with bow so cool,
And left the Doctor looking like a fool.

" What?" say you, " can the friends of liberty
" Thus play the bullying don in private prac-
" tice?"
Two of a trade, good reader, can't agree;
From Greenland to Canton well known the
fact is,
And nothing in the common course of life,
Affords such matter for ill-will and strife.

One monarch styles another an incroacher,
A beauty dubs her fairer friend a jilt,
The sportsman calls his neighbour a d—nd
poacher;
And thus [a] the self-same folks who run a tilt
Against the bare idea of power monarchical,
Prove oft, in families, so oligarchical.

So acts th' aforesaid radical apostle,
Whose notions are as follows, stated fair;
" I will that each man's house should be his castle,
" Provided I may act Drawcansir there,

[a] See the trial of Cobbett for ill usage of a farming servant.

" Assert black's white, and swagger as I please,
" Browbeat the guests, and countermand the
" cheese[b].

" Some homage to distinguished men is due,
" And Johnson had, like me, a blunt ad-
" dress."
All this, great Bellendenus, may be true,
And thou'rt as like to Johnson, I confess,
As raps from Birmingham, thine own sweet
town,
Are like a genuine shilling, or half-crown.

Our bard, our moralist, shall live in story,
While thy proud aspirations so importunate,
Thy quirks, thy tropes, thy spleen, and thy vain-
glory,
And all thy railings at these times unfortunate,
Will in some thirty years be clean forgot,
Aye, just as if thou hadst existed not.

[b] The Dr.'s peculiar aversion, which he always insists on banishing

[c] Retz, whose good luck thou enviest, I dare say,
Like thee a meddling democratic parson,
Rais'd the whole mob of Paris in one day,
Ripe for sedition, burglary, and arson,
And got (such luck sometimes a rogue betides)
Promotion, and the deuce knows what besides.

But Retz, without thy depth on subjects critical,
Knew well the world, and manag'd well his knowledge,
A man of temper fine, and tact political,
Not like a bluff pig-headed soph from college;
And (which assists in cases not a few)
Was proper company for ladies too.

Retz, a less honest man, I must allow,
Had nothing of that manner dictatorial
Which ever seems to cry in tone bow-wow,
"Dunces, assent, or by great Styx I'll floor "ye all;"
So con his life, and get thy lesson clear,
If thou art bent on following his career.

[c] See Voltaire's Siecle de Louis Quatorze.

Faction (thy dear and tutelar Minerva)
Acts on the mind as Venus does, or Bacchus.
The likeness is sufficient to deserve a
Remark or two, to shew that our friend
Flaccus,
Though meaning nothing but a flight poetic,
Said things sometimes that seem almost prophetic.

Just take the following lines, leave "Bacchus" out,
And in its place insert the name of Faction:
"[a] I saw thee, Bacchus, in a place remote,
"Teaching thy doctrines wild with furious
"action,
"While the old Satyrs, and such doleful creatures,
"Prick'd up their ears, and smooth'd their
"grisly features.

[a] Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus
Vidi docentem, &c. *See the Ode.*

" [f] Heigho! my mind's aghast. Tremendous
" god,
" Lay not thy heavy rod upon my head!"
It strikes me, from the mention of " the rod,"
And " haunts remote," that something had
been said,
Which Horace was intended not to hear.
The next verse shews us what the doctrines were.

" [g] Fountains of luscious wine, that costs no
" money,
" By thee inspir'd, with eyes of faith I see,
" And rave about rich streams of milk and
" honey:"
Then in another place, " [h] Inspir'd by thee,

[f] Evoe! recenti mens trepidat metu * *
* * * Parce, Liber,
Parce, gravi metuende thyrso.

[g] Vinique fontem, lactis et uberes
Cantare rivos, atque truncis
Lapsa cavis iterare mella.

[h] Nil parvum, aut humili modo,
Nil mortale loquar.

" Mine are no humble thoughts, but such as soar,
" Thoughts, which no mortal ever broach'd
" before."

No wonder then, (if Horace rightly sings,)
These fauns, the dons of their own frowzy
tribe,
Chuckled to hear of grandeur and good things,
Which tempting Bacchus could so well de-
scribe:
Just as thy grim disciples, virtuous Spence,
In thought gloat o'er their neighbour's plunder'd
pence.

He sings too "how[i] mad nymphs by Bacchus led,"
To make them bludgeons, " sapling trees up
" tear;
" How Bacchus[k] crowns with viperous wreath
" each head,"

[i] ——— potens,
Baccharumque valentium
Proceras manibus vertere fraxinos.
[k] Nodo coerces viperino
Bistonidum sine fraude crines

Making them look like furies, one would swear;
A passage typical of those fair stormers
By us call'd Female Radical Reformers.

In the same paragraph where I begun
These dames are styl'd, "Thyadas pervicaces;"
Which means mad headstrong scolds, who plotting run
To every spot but where their proper place is,
Staunch followers of the god, a drunken ranger,
" Whom," says the ode, " to follow's a sweet " danger."

Again, " Thou, Bacchus, art an idle fellow,
" In hops and wakes and concourses de- " lighting[1] :"
(Perhaps he preach'd at Jove, when men were mellow;)
" Thou art suspected not to love fair fighting,"

[1] ——— choreis aptior et jocis
Ludoque dictus, non sat idoneus
Pugnæ ferebaris; sed idem
Pacis eras mediusque belli.

" Yet lead'st a brawling life 'twixt peace and
" war."
Exactly such some crack Reformers are.

Doctor, I think these Sordes Horatianæ,
Which thou and I have thus explain'd be-
tween us,
Shew that old Flaccus was no fool, nor Zany.
Now for that other passage about Venus,
A power, as some eight stanzas back I said,
Acting like faction on an unsound head.

We'll skip what would not edify our wives,
Nor clear this question : as, for instance,
how
The tipsy Bacchants led lewd wandering lives,
Which none, of course, but tinkers' trulls do
now ;
With many more allusions in his rhymes,
Render'd obscure by difference of times.

How doating Lydia [m], by her misplac'd care,
Spoilt an Italian horseman, stout and tall,
Accustom'd cold, and heat, and dust to bear;
How Lydia's violent supporters all,
In course of time ran after some new maggot,
And car'd no more about her than a faggot.

How bold Barine shock'd both wives and misses [n],
Went into public, brazening out her crimes—
But, as I said just now, the whole of this is
Inapplicable to the present times:
So having pass'd it over, and much more,
Let's find the passage which I nam'd before.

"Venus [o]," (I have it now,) "for pastime yokes,
"Mates differing wide as elephants from
"ponies:"

[m] Lydia, die per omnes
Te deos oro, &c. *See the Ode.*
Parcius junctas quatiunt fenestras, &c.

[n] Ulla si juris tibi pejerati, &c.
See the Ode to Barine

[o] Cui placet impares
Formas atque animos sub juga aenea
Sævo mittere cum joco.

And, stay,—what dramatist asserts, that "folks
"Are reconcil'd by misery to strange cronies?"
Shakespeare—aye, Shakespeare says it, and says
true;
And Faction plays the same vagaries too.

Lo, the black pate of "lean and hungry Cassius,"
And face half legal, and half Carmagnol,
Join'd to thy burly brows and wig capacious,
And surly C—bb—t's rustic jobbernowl:
Three heads in mischief's cause all laid together,
Yok'd by capricious Faction in one tether.

How very like the threefold beast Chimæra!
Or Cerberus, the snarling dog of hell,
A well-known bugbear of the classic æra;
Whose three foul mouthpieces, as poets tell,
Kept up all day the same eternal roar,
Which ev'n the d—nd themselves declar'd a
bore.

That most officious pilot, Master W—d,
May represent old Charon, the sour sprite,

Who ferries people over for no good;
But hell should not be nam'd to ears polite:
And lest this doggish emblem seem ill-bred,
Let's try the first which came into my head.

The beast Chimæra had a viper's tail [o],
A bear's [p] rough body, and a lion's front.
Cassius, whose pleadings turn our matrons pale,
Shall be the bolder part, that bears the brunt:
The Doctor for the centre we may take;
The newsman is the crawling pois'nous snake.

Bruin, on thee most pity I bestow,
For as the fur-coat of thy brother bear
Was bargain'd for while yet alive, ev'n so
Thy colleague eyes thee with an Ogrish air,

[o] The parallel might be extended farther still. Homer describes the Chimæra as an *incendiary* beast, "always vomit-
"ing forth flame:" and the famous sophistical question, "An Chimæra bombilans in vacuo, &c. &c." might be freely translated, "Can this beast, which makes a terrible noise about
"nothing, eat its words?"

[p] Some say a goat's; at all events it was a rough offensive animal.

Waiting impatiently till thou art dead,
To shew, not "grind thy bones to make him
"bread[1]."

Though but a layman, I revere the cloth,
Howe'er defil'd in individual cases,
And, as a brother graduate, should be loth
To see thy relics jolt to fairs and races
In the same dirty shew-box with Tom Paine,
A jumble sad of sacred and profane.

I pity Cassius, hunted now breast high,
Like a brave fox, dead-beat and sinking fast:
Reduc'd each desperate dodge and shift to try,
No wonder he turns savage at the last:
But most I pity thy expence of brains,
Thy wits perplex'd, and ill-expended pains.

Thou must praise gravely each address that's
penn'd,
Each village butcher's first inventive flight;

[1] See the Ogre's memorable threat, as recorded in juvenile publications.

Thy pen or classic "imprimatur" lend
To sanction every answer, or indite.
I wonder what's become of Garratt's Mayor:
Why comes *he* not such compliments to share?

Perhaps the question is not fair to ask;
But dost not wish thyself again at school,
Chain'd to a like, but far less tiresome task,
To cheer the first attempts of every fool,
Correct and re-correct each nonsense verse,
And hear each dunce his thread-bare theme rehearse!

A pious strain, enforc'd with pious face[r],
Some dozen of Bath's buxom wives must greet,
"Where Gaming," says the Guide, "shakes
"hands with Grace,
"And Piety and Dissipation meet;"

[r] For the different styles which I have attempted to characterize, I refer the gentle reader to the different answers to late addresses, as given in the public prints.

And Chaucer's "Wife of Bath," though not straight-lac'd,
For quoting Scripture had a mighty taste.

Be very wise to Reading's Gothamites,
Insert hard words, and sport sagacious airs;
For (as they'd boast) "some of us reads and "writes,
"And all be special dabs at state affairs."
To those[1] "sweet babes who lisp the Royal "name,"
Be very sweet, and pastoral, and tame.

Awake, awake the clarion's thrilling note,
The cymbal's clang, the double-thundering drum;
For, lo! their lives undaunted to devote,
Th' embattled warriors of fair Leicester come.
Rouse, Bellendenus! let thy periods rattle
With pomp and circumstance of glorious battle.

[1] Of Castle Donnington to wit.

Declare, Homeric muse, of these brave bands
The names, the race, "thou who all things
"discernest;"
Give the bright record to my awe-struck hands,
—Why what the devil's here! is this in earnest!
Two journeymen,—item, one music-strummer—
Death and confusion! here's not ev'n a drummer!

Fishguard's old wives[u], that scar'd the French away,
Were better soldiers, and inspir'd more awe;
Their good red cloaks, marshall'd in firm array,
Did stouter service than such men of straw;
And "Wart and Feeble," or "the buckram
"men,"
Had made these caitiffs "run and roar again."

A part of Falstaff's rating, or the whole,
Befits this case, whose nature is the same.

[u] The good service which these valiant old kinswomen of Dafydd Gam did at the partial invasion of South Wales must be well remembered.

"What trick canst thou devise, what starting-
hole,
"To hide from this apparent open shame?"
How colour lies mix'd in so black a dose?
"Lies, like their parents, palpable and gross."

In candour, we'll suppose the answer writ
For real soldiers, and with obvious aim;
Then vamp'd up second-hand in lazy fit,
Because those real soldiers never came:
And high Tyrtæan strains, which labour cost,
Were better misapplied than wholly lost.

Yet still (I would that it had been more brief)
It hangs like lion's skin upon an ass,
"Like giant's coat upon a dwarfish thief;"
And my Homeric eulogy, alas!
Which burnt out one good inch of midnight
taper,
Is rendered fit for nothing but waste paper.

Yes, scarecrows such as these, with swords of
lath,
Are glorious samples of our warlike youth,

And those who dogg'd thy unattended path,
Undaunted Wellington! with equal truth
Pourtray our honour'd people,—else, with shame,
By heav'n I would forswear a Briton's name.

Less great thou blazest in our conquering van,
Than when thy wonted glance of high command
Through howling crowds like flash of lightning ran,
And for a moment cow'd each tongue and hand.
It spoke a soul unsway'd by fear or hate,
A purpose fix'd as everlasting fate.

A look that other fearless chief cast back
Like stern Volumnia's son, which seem'd to say,
" Hence, thankless cowards! wolfish, yelling pack,
" Devoid of faithful instinct, hence, away!
" Less anger than contempt my spirit feels
" For curs that bite their brave defender's heels."

Here, at the names of high-born gallant men,
I pause awhile, and bid adieu to jest;
My muse repeats not meaner names again,
And to contempt unmingled leaves the rest,
To Britain's wrath leaves Faction's stiff-neck'd
crew,
And their obscene and brazen idols too.

POSTSCRIPT.

I'VE just perus'd the papers which last came,
And now begin to think, great Bellendenus,
That thou hast ta'en a fit of generous shame,
And turn'd, at last, apostate to thy Venus;
The strains responsive to her votaries' praise
Are now become such dismal, doggrel lays.

The torch of Eloquence, which thy strong arm
Once brandish'd in thy Royal Master's face,
Has lost its power to blind our eyes, or harm:
'Tis now become a farthing candle base;
Fainter and fainter, like a dying link,
It glimmers and goes out in a foul stink.

The authors of harangues so sadly silly
Must now, I think, be clearly understood:
The pathos smells of beardless Master Billy,
The mischief smells of meddling Master W—d

And the just feeling which from such could sever
Thy powerful aid, comes better late than never.

Thus giant Ajax [x], as the bard doth write,
" Like a slow ass, whom village boys molest,
" Turn'd his reluctant back upon the fight,"
(And look'd perhaps not much more wise, at best,)
But hold; this emblem of the long ear'd brute
A man of first-rate talent would not suit.

Cassius, alas! is " tied unto the stake,
" And bear-like he must fight the battle out."
All due allowance for his case I make,
And praise the champion, skilful, brave, and stout.
Yet ev'n Ulysses' self at length must yield,
When towering Ajax quits the hard-fought field.

[x] See the Iliad.

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